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Picturesque
New England



Picturesque New England

by M. F. SWEETSER


Illustrated from Original Sketches by
Copeland • Young • Bridgeman • and • Colby

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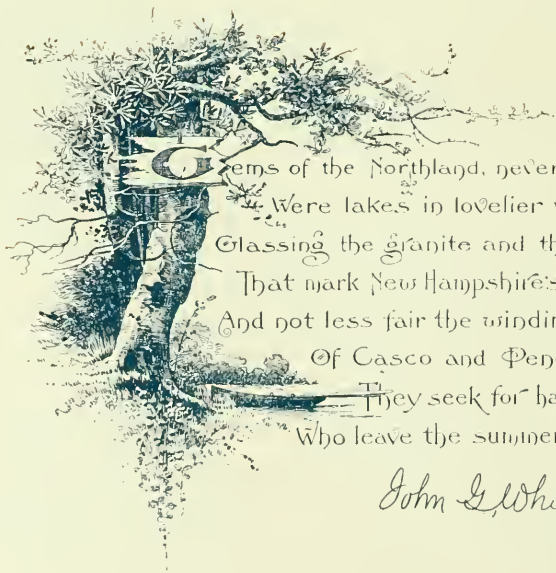
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Di-ems of the Northland, never yet
Were lakes in lovelier valley's set,
Glassing the granite and the pines
That mark New Hampshire's mountain lines.
And not less fair the winding ways
Of Casco and Penobscot Bays.
They seek for happier shores in vain
Who leave the summer isles of Maine!

John G. Whittier



THE beautiful coast of New England is the marine pleasure-park of the Western world. Here are combined, as nowhere else, the pleasant elements of historic and poetic interest, the charms of beautiful and majestic scenery, and an omnipresent comfort and luxury for the visitor, in his travelling or his sojourning. Northward and eastward of Boston, the Atlantic coast, which has been but a long succession of low sand-banks from the Straits of Florida to Nantasket Beach, changes to a sea-fronting margin of rocks and cliffs, hemming in many a firm beach of white or golden sand, with the snowy surf booming in on one side, and on the other side perfumed forests of pine, or wind-swept waves of wild flowers.

The traveller has hardly passed out of sight of the golden dome of the Massachusetts State House and the gray obelisk of Bunker Hill, before the

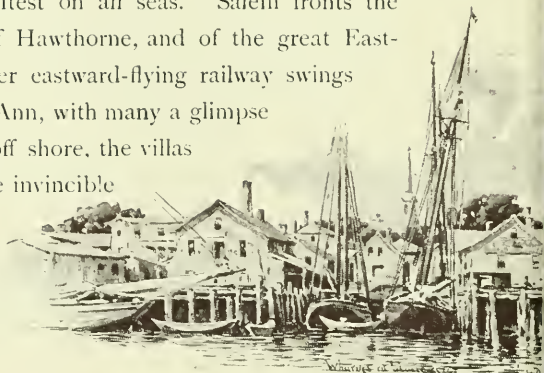


Entrance to Marblehead Harbor

wide blue sea emerges on the eastern horizon, flecked with silvery sails, and throwing its arms around the lone rocky peninsula of Nahant, for many years the home of Longfellow and Agassiz, Prescott and Motley. Beyond the multitudinous shoe-factories of Lynn a branch line runs seaward, past the thronged and brilliant beaches of Swampscott, to the quaint old port of Marblehead, famous in long-past times for its weird traditions and its heroic sailors, and in modern days for its assemblages of yachts, among which appear the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Volunteer*, the swiftest on all seas. Salem fronts the ocean, with memories of the witches, of Hawthorne, and of the great East-Indian trade; and from Beverly another eastward-flying railway swings out among the rocks and roses of Cape Ann, with many a glimpse of the wide blue sea, the rugged isles off shore, the villas of the wealthy summer-colonists, and the invincible



Cape Ann
Cape Ann

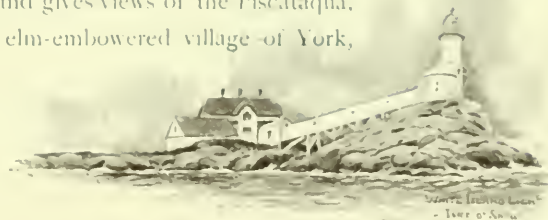


Marblehead



wildernesses of ledgy hills and sea-blown woods which constitute the greater part of the cape, past the rich villas and great hotels of Manchester and Magnolia, to Gloucester, the foremost fishing-port in the world. Still farther out the surges are beaten back by the rocks of Land's End and Pigeon Cove.

North of Salem the steel rails traverse the ancient Puritan villages of Wenham and Ipswich, and the venerable and beautiful sea-city of Newburyport; and so on, by the beaches of Hampton and Rye, to quaint Portsmouth, close by Newcastle and Kittery. The railway to the summer-villages on the beaches of York, leaving the main line at this point, swings around among the low rocky hills and ancient farms of Kittery, and alongside the bright waters of many a tidal lagoon and salt-water creek, and gives views of the Piscataqua, the navy-yard, York Harbor and River, the elm-embowered village of York,

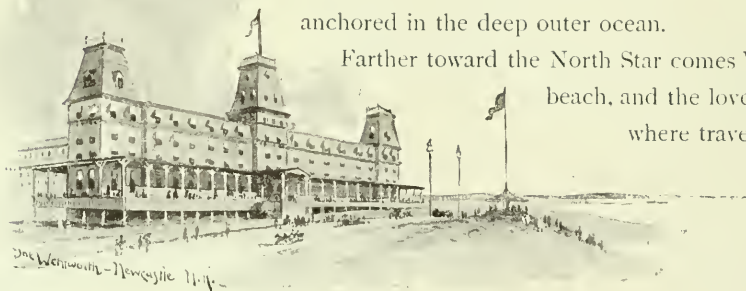


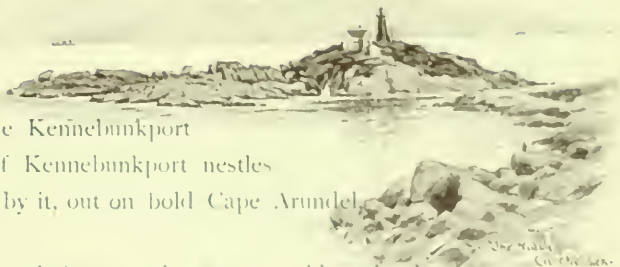
THE LITTLE LIGHT
- YORK O' SEA -



and the magnificent sweep of the Long Sands, with leagues of ocean opening away to the dim eastern horizon. Newcastle, one of the oldest fortresses and maritime villages of the New England coast, is adorned by the immense summer-hotel, The Wentworth, commanding noble sea and harbor views on every side. From Portsmouth, steamboats run out to sea, half-a-dozen miles or more, to the Isles of Shoals, a little fleet of rocky islets anchored in the deep outer ocean.

Farther toward the North Star comes Wells, with its sea-swept beach, and the lovely hamlet of Ogunquit, where travellers go on their way to





Bald Head Cliff. On the banks of the Kennebunkport River, the ancient maritime village of Kennebunkport nestles around its mossy shipyards; and close by it, out on bold Cape Arundel, stands a number of summer-cottages.

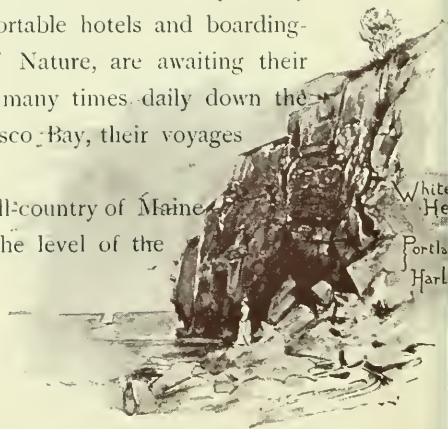
Still northward, through Biddeford and Saco, to the famous Old-Orchard Beach, the most popular of all the great summer-resorts that line the coast of hundred-harbored Maine. It extends from the mouth of the Saco River to Scarborough, a distance of six miles, a magnificent white esplanade of hard sand, shelving gradually away under the sea. The great crescent of the beach looks straight out to sea, with the houses at Biddeford Pool on the right, and on the left Prout's Neck, running out by Stratton's Island and Bluff Island. On one side are forests of fresh green pines, and on the other open measureless vistas over the salt blue sea. Passing Pine Point and Scarborough Beaches, Portland, the beautiful Forest City, is reached, with its exquisite views over Casco



Bald Head Cliff,
York.

Bay. Hundreds of wooded islands here gem the bosom of one of the fairest of bays, and are overlooked by the cottages and hotel on Cushing's Island. The labyrinth of the sea surrounds with its blue channels many an islet of flower-like beauty, from whose tree-shaded capes the view reaches far out over the salty main, or inland to the White Mountains. Some of these islands are occupied by summer-cottages and estates; others have comfortable hotels and boarding-houses; and still others, in the quiet tenancy of Nature, are awaiting their fortunate human discoverers. Steamboats run many times daily down the beautiful fortified harbor of Portland, and up Casco Bay, their voyages sometimes reaching as far as classic Harpswell.

Foremost among the summer-resorts of the hill-country of Maine stands Poland Spring, eight hundred feet above the level of the

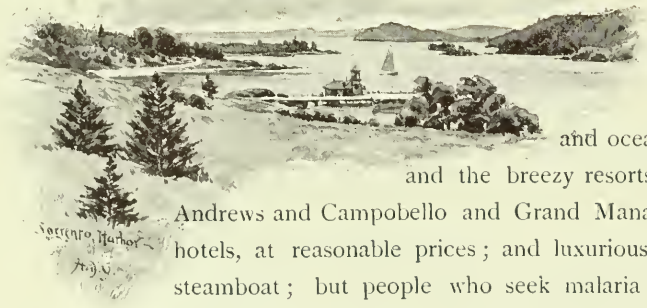


White
Head
Portland
Harbor



sea, on a breezy plateau which looks out on the Ossipee Range and the White Mountains and across leagues of lowlands, amid which glimmers many a silver lakelet.

The glorious Maine coast fringes away to the eastward, with its fiords and sounds, its rugged islands and capes, its sea-repelling mountains and far-extending beaches : Popham Beach and Squirrel Island, near the mouth of the Kennebec ; the glories of the Penobscot-Bay archipelago ; the union of sierra



and ocean at Mount Desert and Sorrento ;
and the breezy resorts about Passamaquoddy Bay, St.
Andrews and Campobello and Grand Manan. Everywhere are found good
hotels, at reasonable prices ; and luxurious modes of transit, by railway or
steamboat ; but people who seek malaria or mosquitoes or heat must go
elsewhere than to the bracing and invigorating air which blows over the head-
lands of "hundred-harbored Maine."

Frenchman's Bay, one of the foremost summer-resort districts in America,
runs for several leagues into the land, with deep water and high and noble envi-
roning mountains. On the east side are the groups of summer-villas and
hotels at Grindstone Neck and Winter Harbor. Near the head of the bay,
with a succession of charming views landward and seaward, are LaMoine, Sul-
livan Harbor, and the peerless Sorrento, each famous among pleasure-seekers.
The western shore of the bay is formed by the island of Mount Desert, cover-



ing a hundred square miles, and enriched by high mountains, deep forests, the purest of lakes, and many a sea-beaten promontory and beach. Here is the world-renowned summer-metropolis of Bar Harbor, with its patrician cottages and huge hotels; and at Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor, and elsewhere on the fringe of the island, are other popular resorts.

Within a few hours' ride of the ever-resounding sea the Maine wilderness contains scores of lakes, more beautiful than those of Minnesota, and as secluded as the Sierra-walled Tahoe. The queen of these forest waters is the

sunlit Moosehead Lake, a thousand feet above the sea, and with its four hundred miles of shore-line broken by many a sandy-beached cove and quiet bay, and overlooked by high peaks, like the Big and Little Spencer Mountains, and the Squaw and Lily-Bay ranges. Far away to the eastward, the lone peak of Katahdin rises over five thousand feet above the wide Maine wilderness. In this pure highland air, perfumed with pine and spruce, gunners float over the water, or range the forest in search of game; and fishermen bring in myriads of river and lake trout in their Indian canoes. Travellers may leave Boston after breakfast and take supper at the Mount-Kineo House, the metropolitan resort of all this region, twenty miles down the lake.

The Rangeley Lakes lie along the western border of Maine, covering eighty square miles, and fifteen hundred feet above the sea, with little steamboats running over their crystal bosoms, and many a hotel and boarding-house along



ST. ANDREWS N.B. FROM THE ALGONQUIN.

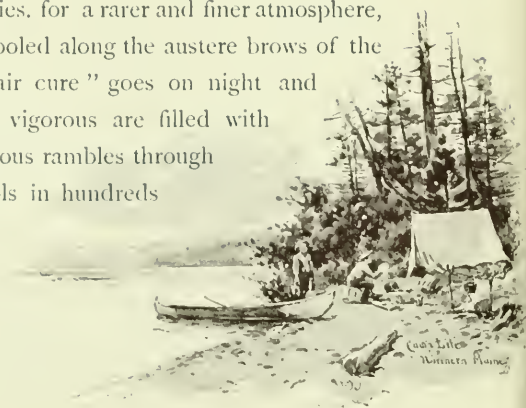
their shores. The route
 is by railway from Boston to
 Portland, Farmington, and Range-
 ley, which is on the uppermost of
 the lakes : and the lower lakes are also
 reached by stage-routes from Bryant's Pond
 and Bethel. This region, extending eastward
 to Moosehead Lake, a distance of seventy-five miles, is one of the best fish
 and game preserves in the Republic, and is visited every summer by thousands
 of enthusiastic sportsmen from the cities. Farther into the northern forest
 they find a more primitive life at Kennebago Lake and Lake Parmachenee,
 and other lonely forest-seas near the Canadian frontier. There is much beau-
 tiful scenery about the Rangeleys, especially where Mount Aziscoö's and the





noble White Mountains loom distantly
across their quiet waters, rising above the mur-
muring pine-forests which over arch hundreds of
silvery trout-streams.

*Mr. K. 1880.
Moosehead Lake.* The seashore is the play-ground of New England ; the mountains
form its sanitarium. There the air is light and bracing and invigorating, and
acts as a perpetual tonic for weary brains, or oppressed lungs, or nerves jangled
out of tune. The languid and enervated citizen there exchanges his heavy
lowland air, tainted with sewers and factories, for a rarer and finer atmosphere,
perfumed by illimitable pine-woods, and cooled along the austere brows of the
mountains. This magic and effortless "air cure " goes on night and
day, until the weak grow strong and the vigorous are filled with
more abounding life. There are adventurous rambles through
leagues of silent forests ; darkling trout-pools in hundreds



AZISCOOS Mt.



of merry brooks ; paths to lone and far-viewing peaks ; and in hundreds of hostelries, large and small, merry-makings of all kinds, from the hay-ride to the german.

Since 1784, when Dr. Belknap's exploring party entered the pathless highlands by this route, North Conway has been the favorite gateway to the White Mountains. It is only an easy afternoon's railway ride from Boston, or half an afternoon from the seashore by Portsmouth, along the Boston & Maine Railroad, to this Braemar of the West, whose score of comfortable inns look across the inimitable meadows of the Saco to the red rock-crowns of Moat Mountain, the pyramid peak of Mount Kiarsarge, and the solemn and serene heights of the Presidential Range.





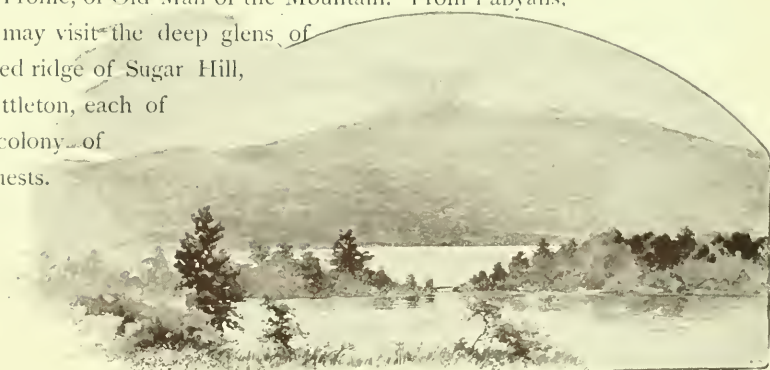
The White Mountain
from
Umbagog Lake.

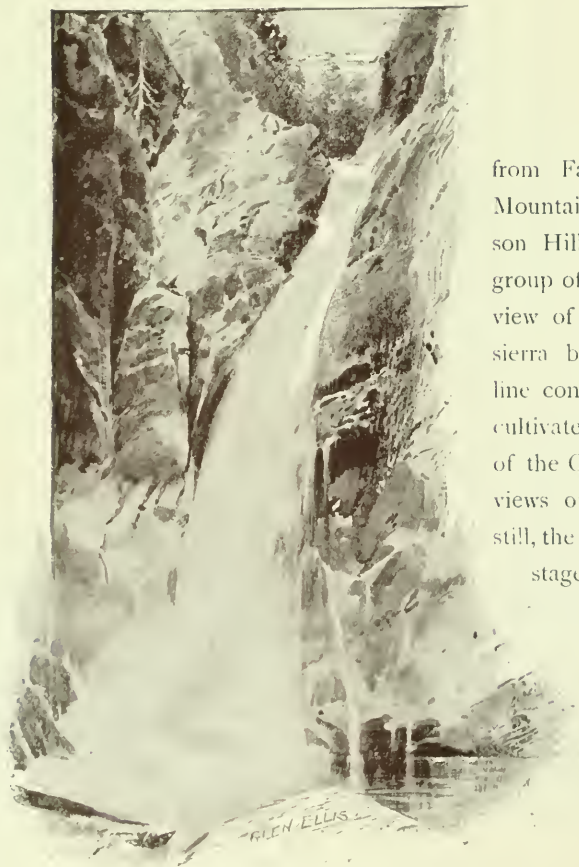
From the dreamy charm of North Conway, "a land in which it seems always afternoon," the traveller traverses the long defile of the Crawford (or White-Mountain) Notch, on lofty and far-viewing galleries, past the route to beautiful Jackson and the Glen House, and out to the cool plateau where the Crawford House and Fabyan House lift their hospitable walls amid the forests. This ride through the Notch is one of the most magnificent and impressive in America, and presents a succession of many-shaped and famous mountains. From Fabyans diverges the track which connects with the wonderful railway to the top of Mount Washington, "the Crown of New England," with its arctic hamlet of hotel, newspaper-office, signal-station, and other buildings.



77
Mt. Washington
from the Sacu

It is but a few minutes' ride from Fabyans to the divergence of the railway to Bethlehem, high-placed on an always cool ridge, and looking out on the Presidential Range and the broad northern valleys. Abounding in hotels and all summer joys, this lofty village is the chief resort on the west side of the range. Another railway climbs around the rugged shoulders of Mount Lafayette to the famous Profile House, high up in the Franconia Notch, and near the world-renowned Profile, or Old Man of the Mountain. From Fabyans, also, the vacation-tourist may visit the deep glens of Franconia, the bold isolated ridge of Sugar Hill, or the brisk village of Littleton, each of them with its summer-colony of hundreds of contented guests. The railway passes on





from Fabyans to Whitefield and the Green Mountains of Vermont ; and also up to Jefferson Hill, whose mountain-side street, with its group of inns, commands the noblest attainable view of the Presidential Range, with its long sierra bathed in the richest colorings. The line continues on to Lancaster, a bright and cultivated county capital, on the rich meadows of the Connecticut, and commanding artistic views of the White Mountains. Northward, still, the railroad runs to Colebrook, whence a stage-route passes to the strange serrated cliffs and pinnacles of Dixville Notch, leading down to the Umbagog and Rangeley Lakes.

Several interesting routes lead to the great Canadian capitals of Quebec and Montreal. The first named, the Walled City of the North, and the metropolis of French America, lifts its gray and historic towers and citadel on a crag high over the broadening St. Lawrence River, and with its embattled gates and consecrated monasteries, its Angelus chimes and sunset guns, its stone barracks and bastioned walls, its robed priests and Norman peasants, seems like some old French or Italian city, transplanted across the sea. Montreal, bright, solid, modern, fronts the noble St. Lawrence with gray stone quays and blocks of buildings, and is rich in great Catholic churches and convents, busy shopping streets, colleges of wide fame, parks of unusual beauty, and a profitable ocean commerce. A favorite route from the White Mountains to Montreal lies westward to St. Johns-





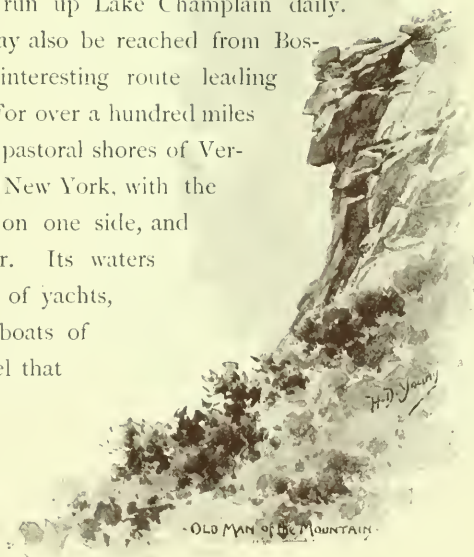
bury, thence passing up the Passumpsic Valley, within reach of the wonderful Willoughby Lake; and from Newport, at the head of Lake Memphremagog, runs over the Canadian Pacific line, through Richford and St. John's. The same route up the Passumpsic Valley leads in another direction from Newport along the shores of Memphremagog, and also along the beautiful Lake Massawippi, to Sherbrooke, on the most direct line to Quebec. Or we may turn westward from St. Johnsbury and ride by railway across the Green Mountains, with many a famous view of the White-Mountain peaks as the line climbs the long grades toward Danville Green. Beyond the remarkable horseshoe curve at Greensborough Bend, the line descends the Missisquoi Valley.

From Cambridge Junction, trains run





quickly to Burlington, "The Queen City of Lake Champlain"; or the direct line leads on to the summer-hotel at Maquam Bay, whence fine steamboats run up Lake Champlain daily. The lake may also be reached from Boston by the interesting route leading by Concord and White-River Junction. For over a hundred miles Lake Champlain flows between the quiet pastoral shores of Vermont and the rugged promontories of New York, with the unbroken wall of the Green Mountains on one side, and the dim blue Adirondacks on the other. Its waters bear large commercial fleets, squadrons of yachts, handsome steamboats, and the vagrant boats of sportsmen seeking the bass and pickerel that





haunt these transparent deeps. Its ports, Burlington and Plattsburg, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and others, are full of modern interest or historic charm.

The country between Concord and White-River Junction, traversed by the Concord Division, includes many points of scenic and historic interest. On Duston's Island, near the track, is the statue of Mrs. Duston, who here tomahawked her Indian captors and escaped. Boscawen Plain was the birth-place of John A. Dix, and near Franklin, Daniel Webster was born. Farther on there are impressive views of Mount Kearsarge



and Mount Cardigan, and the pleasant lakes of Canaan and Enfield. The railway crosses the Connecticut River into Vermont. From White-River Junction the line, running to the northward, passes near the seat of Dartmouth College, and traverses the outlying mountains of the Franconia Range, following the graceful windings of the Connecticut River for many miles, through rugged gorges and along the edges of broad and fruitful meadows. Beyond St. Johnsbury this pleasant route reaches the serene beauties of Lake Memphremagog, far up in the cool Northland.

Lake Winnepesaukee, enveloped in the southern spurs of the White Mountains, and with its ports of Alton Bay and Wolfeborough, within hardly more than three hours of Boston, is one of the peerless lakes of the world, its

sapphire-blue waters lapsing around hundreds of pleasant islands, and winding among the rugged ranges in far-extending and mirror-like bays. It covers seventy square miles of water, but its coast-line winds for hundreds of miles along the deep-green forests, the sunlit farm-lands, and white summer-resort villages like Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor and Weirs. Large and commodious steamboats continually ply up and down this fair inland sea, over the far-viewing Broads, past the green hills of Long Island and the Necks, and through the mimic archipelago of the Forties, with entrancing views of the Ossipee and Sandwich Mountains, the lofty Belknap Range, and the distant Mount Washington, often bearing its crown of virgin snow even in the summer days.

Sunapee Lake, thirty-four miles west of Concord, by an easy railway journey, has been called "the Loch Katrine of America." It winds for three leagues among wooded heights and tree-tufted islands, with many an inspiring



Quebec

W. D. Manning '92

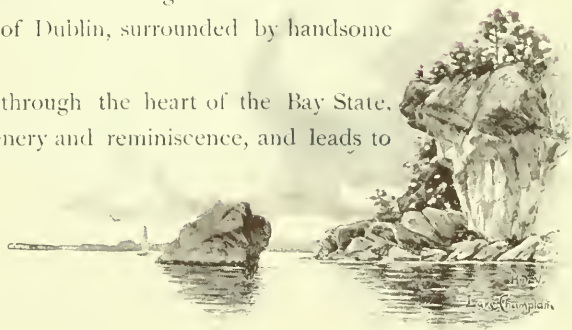


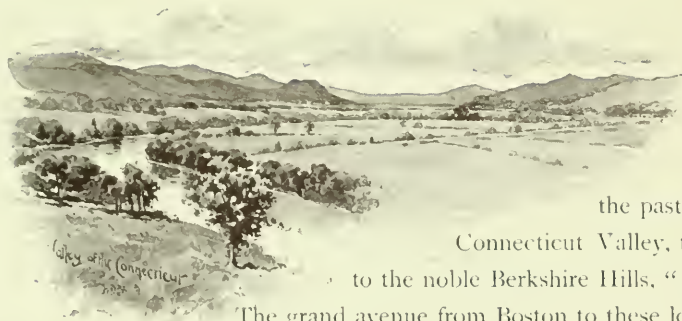
Carle's
Tide
Pond
Ta

view of Kearsarge, Croydon, Cardigan, and other high mountains; and steamboats thrice daily traverse its limpid waters, and visit the hill-girt ports, each with its summer-hotel and colony of cottages.

Down in Southwestern New Hampshire there is another cluster of charming hill-villages — Amherst, with the health-giving Ponemah Springs; Mont Vernon, overlooking vast horizons from its high plateau; and a score of others, each visited in summer by hundreds of lovers of pure air and beautiful scenery. The sovereign of all this country is the grand Monadnock Mountain, whose rugged rocky crest looks down on the bright mirror of Dublin Pond and the patrician summer-resort of Dublin, surrounded by handsome villas.

A short run westward from Boston, through the heart of the Bay State, opens up many episodes of interesting scenery and reminiscence, and leads to





the pastoral beauty and richness of the Connecticut Valley, the Garden of New England, or to the noble Berkshire Hills, "the Piedmont of America."

The grand avenue from Boston to these localities is the Central Massachusetts line, passing through scholastic Cambridge; Waltham, the birth-place of millions of watches; Sudbury, where still stands Longfellow's "Wayside Inn"; Oakdale, connecting for Worcester; Jefferson, near Mount Wachusett; the highland resorts of Rutland and Barre; and the famous old college-town of Amherst. Only two miles from the colleges and libraries and elm-lined avenues of Northampton rises Mount Holyoke, the watch-tower of the valley, from whose summit the prospect extends over scores of miles of winding river and mosaic-like meadows and sharp mountain-peaks, "the loveliest view in all New England." From Northampton





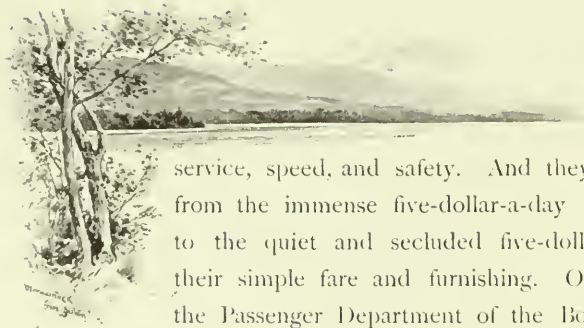
A Glimpse
among
the "Forties"

the summer-idler may visit the historic hamlets of Hatfield and Hadley, dreaming on their serene meadows; or the ancient Mount-Holyoke College, sacred to American maidens; or Deerfield, famed in olden border romance; or the clear crests of Mount Toby or Mount Tom, overlooking white villages, plaided meadows, and cloud-capped mountains.

All these charming pleasure-resorts, and hundreds of others, "by mountain, field, and flood," are reached by the mighty network of the Boston & Maine Railroad, with Pullman vestibuled trains, perfect train



Belknap Bridge
and Ferry Landing
Deerfield, Mass.

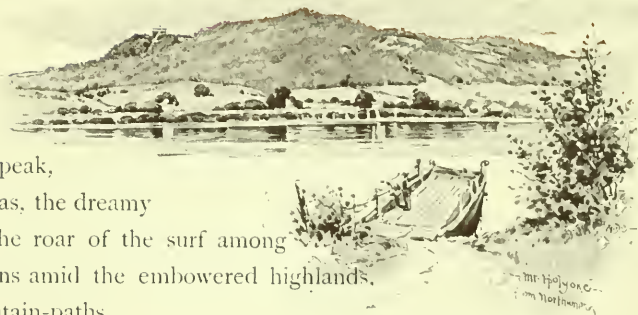


service, speed, and safety. And they offer every grade of accommodation, from the immense five-dollar-a-day hotels, where every luxury is present, to the quiet and secluded five-dollar-a-week farm boarding-houses, with their simple fare and furnishing. On receipt of ten cents in stamps each, the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad will send, post-paid, its copiously illustrated descriptive books, NEW-ENGLAND SEASHORE, ALL ALONG SHORE, AMONG THE MOUNTAINS, and LAKES AND STREAMS; and its EXCURSION BOOK of routes and rates, and lists of hotels and boarding-houses and their prices, is sent free to all applicants.

Whoever takes his New-England summer-outing in this easy and sensible way will often recall its manifold delights, the Indian and



colonial legends hallowing many
 a silvery lake and rock-crowned peak,
 the Italian blue of the Northern seas, the dreamy
 light over the Conway intervalles, the roar of the surf among
 the rocks of Maine, the restful glens amid the embowered highlands,
 and the glorious and lonely mountain-paths,



"Islanded in immeasurable air."



FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

THAT Through Pullman Vestibuled Cars run daily between **Washington, Philadelphia** and **Boston** via the Poughkeepsie Bridge Route. Leave Washington, B. & O. R.R., at 2.45 p.m., Philadelphia, P. & R. R.R., 6.45 p.m., arriving at Boston 8.20 a.m. in Union Station with all East and Northbound trains. No transfer across the city of Boston. Leave Boston for Washington, Boston & Maine R.R., Southern Division Station, at 5.45 p.m., arriving Philadelphia 7.00 a.m., Washington 11.20 a.m.

THAT Through Sleeping Cars run daily between **Minneapolis, St. Paul** and **Boston** via the Soo Line, leaving Minneapolis 7.35 p.m., St. Paul 6.55 p.m., arriving at Boston 8.05 a.m., fourth day, Union Station with all East and Northbound trains. Leave Boston for Minneapolis and St. Paul 7.15 p.m., Boston & Maine R.R., Southern Division Station.

THAT, commencing June 27th, a Special Fast Express will run between **Boston** and **Chicago**, via Montreal, leaving Boston, Southern Division Station, Boston & Maine R.R., at 11.00 a.m., daily, except Sunday, and arriving in Chicago early the next evening. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars.



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